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H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.

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For the Lewisburg Chronicle.
TENDENTS SUGGESTED BY THE FAREWELL REMON OF REV. H. BARBAUGH.
From 11 Oct. till 11—Finally, brethren, farewell!

Go, brother! go where God invites,
His Spirit's voice thy call indites,
And sheds its peace within;
'Tis God that calls thee first to preach,
Go sound the alarm afar;
'Tis God who tells thee what to teach,
And what his precepts are.

Go, brother! go, God tells thee where,
His purpose direct,
He answers your praying prayer
And will your course prepare;
His cause demands your greatest power
Applied where needed most,
Then his you to the Gospel tower
And make the Cross your boast.

Go, brother! go, though weeping friends
Boast your way with tears and sighs,
God spurs the Christian where he bends
His path for weeping friends;
'Tis hard to part, but God claims first,
All else must own his claim,
And though the dearest bonds be burst
Yet follow on the same.

Go, brother! go, and tell anew
The themes you now repeat,
Fear not, though calumnies pursue—
They never can defeat.
The councils of our God defend,
Spare neither friend nor foe,
Let not the world your names condemn,
Or languish o'er you now.

Go, brother! go—and, fare thee well!
Not finally, we trust,
But may we meet in heaven to dwell
When dust has passed to dust;
There changes, trials and tears are o'er,
And heart is joined to heart,
Borrow and sighing cease no more,
And saints shall no more part.

NOVITIUS.
Lewisburg, March 18, 1850.
From a Miner.
[Extracts from a letter to the Editor of the "Lewisburg Chronicle," dated—]
SACRAMENTO CITY,
California, Dec. 18, 1849.
My Dear Friend: Your letter of February 27th reached me as I was about to leave San Francisco to test the reality of California gold. You can not tell how much I appreciate your kindness in writing to one who has so few claims on your attention; and those feelings induce me to thank for the delicate consideration which prompted you in sending a letter to meet me in California. Perhaps if success will allow me to leave this country so soon, I shall be able to meet you within a year or two, and we can then go over together the time that has passed since I saw you.

But California must be more interesting to you than this personal grasp, so I will endeavor to write briefly, of what I have seen since my arrival. After enduring a specimen of the sailor's rough life by sailing around Cape Horn, I at last reached the exciting end of a six months' voyage on the 8th of July, and was glad enough to touch terra firma once more. Some goods which I brought out on commission detained me from the mine for a few weeks, and occasioned me some loss—though an opportunity was thus afforded me to become well acquainted with San Francisco and its vicinity. I found it composed mostly of canvas houses and large tents, nearly all occupied as stores, and populated by a shifting variety of races from all quarters of the world. Money was plentiful as berries on uncle Thomas' farm, and gambling by thousands a respectable profession. Situated on the crescent-like curve of a bay filled with islands, surrounded by mountains blue in the distance, and shut from the ocean by an entrance only two miles wide, San Francisco offered to my first view of it the most beautiful scene I had ever beheld. All that has been written of California scenery is correct, but long months of drought render it comparatively barren in this upper part of it, although the soil is really good and pasture rich on the plains along its river. In August, after being excited by the most enticing reports from the diggings, I left San Francisco—refusing opportunities of receiving monthly salaries of \$300—to sail up the famous Sacramento for the mines. The river glides almost imperceptibly through a drooping fringe of low foliage here and there festooned with vines,

which open occasionally to reveal a glimpse of untamed prairie land bounded far off by mountains and dotted with wild cattle. At last, trees—oaks and sycamores—rise from the banks, and spread back a short distance, and amongst these our schooner sailed tranquilly till we reached this "city" of Sacramento—then consisting of a few large tents in the woods, where trading was prosecuted, and miners came for supplies of provisions. Our little party of four, bought mules, and engaged teams to convey our freight to Mormon Island, situated in the American River, 25 or 30 miles east of this place; and we proceeded to the diggings, full of good spirits and visions of big lumps, tramping in the heat over dusty plains and hills, undaunted and cheerful. In two days, we were digging amongst stones, and washing out dirt, with all the energy the prospect of a golden reward could inspire. Well, we found gold, and I mentally dispelled your skepticism as to its existence here, but we found it in quantities so small as to discourage us. However, perseverance through failure and sickness gave us experience, and this taught us where to look and how to work. I have made a few hundred dollars, and am now awaiting spring to work where I can be certain of an ounce per day, with the chance of having the greater success of others. Mining is certainly hard work, but leads to wealth, and with this recommendation my degradation to a gold digger will be overlooked by those who win their riches by respectable shrewdness in business. The precious stuff which has drawn to this country like a magnet so many thousands, is found in small, roundish flakes or scales, in the banks and beds of every stream, while it is heavier and lumpy in its character when found in ravines, or amongst rocks. It has lately been found in quartz and granite when exposed above the ground, but everywhere it is pure and beautiful. The geological characteristics of the country account to me for its richness in this metal, for it appears to have been ejected from the depths of the earth by the same mighty throes that forced to the surface those granite piles, half imbedded, which are peculiar to this part of California, and the elements of which are found more or less throughout the world wherever gold has been discovered.

I have given you no further particulars of the country or its riches, because I think you must be already well acquainted with them. I have had much of the hard experience of a traveler, but been perfectly healthy since I left New York. For some weeks, heavy rains have been frequent, rendering a camp-life rather uncomfortable and swelling the streams so as to stop mining on them. At present, the Sacramento threatens to overflow the City, now large, populous and wealthy.—I have been writing amidst noise, and hurriedly, so beg of you kindly to excuse an abrupt conclusion.

Yours, &c. B. P. AVERY.

From Godey's Lady's Book.
"I hear the Winds whistle."

BY A. T. LEE, CAPTAIN U. S. A.
I HEAR the winds whistle, I hear the loud wave,
As I sit by my hearthstone and think of the grave;
The eyes that are sunken, the brows that are cold,
The lips that are faded, the shroud and the mould.
The flag burns brightly, but deep in my heart
Dwells a spirit of darkness that will not depart;
And it calls up old faces, and looks that they wore,
Ere the grim robber, Death, cast his shade on my door.
When his dark shadow falls on your threshold again,
I shall smile in his face as I yield to his chain;
For my old eyes grow dim, and I no longer care
To be watching the flag that's flickering there.
I hear the winds whistle, I hear the loud wave,
As I sit by my hearthstone and think of the grave,
The eyes that are sunken, the brows that are cold,
The lips that are faded, the shroud and the mould.
*Of Northumberland, Pa.

California Gold.
No New Discovery.—From an interesting letter from Washington, in the New York Journal of Commerce, in regard to the gold of California, we take the following, which goes to show that the mines in the quartz region are not a new discovery:—
"These mines have undoubtedly been worked some period far back. Mr. Wright states that an opening was lately discovered in one of these quartz hills, and it was found to be a shaft very deeply sunk.—Upon exploring it, three galleries were found leading from it through the rock, all of which were regularly and skillfully wrought on the sides, and skillfully rounded. The rock was found to be very rich in gold, and the amount taken from it must have been immense.
"This fact goes to illustrate some Mexican and Spanish traditions, and, indeed, histories of individuals, who have, in times past, acquired vast and untold treasures, but from what sources Spanish jealousy and cupidity would never allow to become known."

The Country Press.

There are only a few of our readers, we apprehend, who are in the habit of reflecting seriously upon the moral, social, and political influences exercised by the conductors of the country press. They are aware, it is true, that almost every village and hamlet within the extended borders of our free and happy country has within itself one of those potent levers, and generally under the guidance of a single individual, who is often impelled to the performance of his duties more by the regard he entertains for his profession than by the encouragement or the rewards that are bestowed. But they do not always fairly appreciate the control which that single individual holds over the opinions, and over the passions and the prejudices of whole communities. They do not at all times fully recognize the importance of those rays of light and intelligence which emanate even from the most unpretending of the co-workers in the wide field of letters, because it is not in their power to trace out, at one view, their effects upon the minds of numerous persons. When, however, they look abroad, and contrast the intellectual, social, moral, and religious condition of the citizens of this entire republic, with the enslaved, ignorant, and degraded condition of the people of almost every other country on the face of the globe, they will not, they can not hesitate to do justice to those who, by their efforts, have done so much in preserving within the bosoms of our people the pure spirit of liberty, and in establishing and maintaining that regard for individual rights, and that implicit obedience to the laws, which form the true foundations of our national superstructure.

It is in this view, if we would estimate them at all, that we must consider the potent influences of the country press. And, thus estimated, who that has an interest in progress of intelligence, and in the preservation of constitutional liberty, will deny to the press in their immediate circle, that support which can alone enhance its usefulness and extend those influences for good? How frequently are we pained and mortified by the perusal of appeals made through the columns of prudently and ably conducted papers, for the means of continuing labors which have for years been almost gratuitously performed for the benefit of the public! It is sad, indeed, to see men of genius, and men of industry and perseverance, in such a dilemma as this—their pride of profession subdued; their intellectual energies yielding under the pressure of neglect; their generous hopes, and their warm ambition to be useful and honorable, destroyed by political malice or sectarian prejudice! Such wrongs, we fear, are too often inflicted upon the conductors of the country press, notwithstanding the professions of liberality we hear on every hand, and notwithstanding the universally acknowledged importance of sustaining, in the midst of every community, an independent newspaper. We may say, indeed, that we know, personally, several such cases as are here referred to; but we hope that they are all that ever have or ever will occur.

As, however, nearly all the country papers that come under our observation—and they number some fifteen hundred, hailing from every quarter of the Union—are conducted with a view to the instruction and the advancement of the family circle in morality, literature, and science; and, at the same time, present a synopsis of the stirring events of the times in which we live, we can not imagine how any judicious parent can withhold his support from such publications, struggling in his own vicinity, and, at the same time, bestows his patronage on papers from a distant State or city. If it is true that charity begins at home, our country friends are bound to support their country press first, and then, according to their means and the generosity of their dispositions, to extend their charity abroad, and render it as diffusive as possible. We have lately witnessed, in the rejuvenated and cheerful appearance of many of our old and valued country friends, the most gratifying evidences of the "march of improvement," as well as of the favorable estimate placed on their characters and services by their immediate neighbors. This speaks well for proprietors and patrons; and we hope to see these evidences of mutual confidence and of public spirit increase an hundred fold, until all our exchanges shall look as bright as a gold dollar.

In conclusion, we do not believe that any well conducted "eastern publication" entertains any other opinions, or would suggest any advice that would not fully accord with the sentiments here expressed. If there are any who do not agree with us,

we are happy to say we are not on the list of their confidential friends.—[Godey's Lady's Book.]

The State of Maine.

FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT KATAHDIN.
BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

As you sit down on the top of Katahdin, with the eye aching as you try to pierce the interminable forests, or follow the noble rivers beneath the immense valley—not able to see the footsteps of man, or realize that he has cut even a walkingstick out of the forest—your mind becomes crowded with new and strange thoughts. You ask yourself, "Is it possible that the iron pathway will ever come up these valleys, and the scream of the steam-whistle ever startle the eagle in his lonely eyrie, and moose in his trackless swamp? Is it possible that the sunlight will break in upon these wilds, and towns and villages ever spring up here?" Perhaps in half a century men will wonder if their then beautiful valley of the Penobscot could ever have been as wild and as awful as it is now described! The fact is, that the State of Maine, though old enough to be celebrated in song and story, is yet in her infancy. Among her thousand islands, sparkling along her rocky coast, she will ever find the treasures of the deep to employ a multitude of hardy fishermen. From her forests, for a long time to come, she will send forth lumber over the civilized world. But these are not to be her ultimate reliance. Her towns and cities and villages hang like beautiful fringes on the skirts of her forests. You might lay all the rest of New England, and other fine States down upon her territory, and she would have forty thousand acres left! You are amazed to see how very small a part of her territory is now occupied. At Bangor, you are in a city, large, rich and inviting; a walk of twenty minutes will carry you into a forest never cut down by the hand of man! The wild deer has broken out and rushed into her streets within a few years. When we read of our commerce, of our cities, of our population of over 30,000,000, of our increasing desire for more territory, of the amount which our cultivated acres produce, we are apt to feel that we are almost an old country. But we forget that the greater part of our country lies just as it did when the eye of Columbus first gazed upon it, and just as it was when the Mayflower first beat round Cape Cod. While our flag is known and respected the world over, and our Republic has already a name that can never perish, we are only as yet on the shores of our possessions. We hardly know, as yet, where our mighty rivers take their rise. While the great steamboats are moving up and down the Potomac, the Penobscot, and the Hudson, you can not visit the head waters of these rivers without an Indian to guide you, without carrying your canoe for miles on your back through unbroken forests, and sleeping on the ground wherever night finds you. The bear and the deer and the moose, with the wolf and the panther, have their home among these wilds in numbers almost as great as ever! The moose and the deer have been entangled in the shipping of huge vessels as they attempted to swim the Penobscot! And while we have stretched the wires of the telegraph from Halifax to New Orleans, a part of the way, and that not a small part, they run through unbroken forests; and while we have leaped across a continent, and are building up cities on the Pacific, we have left a terra incognita behind—a vast unmeasured waste where the buffalo goes in herds miles in length and where the Indian must rosin on horse-back to catch his prey. When will all this great territory be subdued and occupied? And what is to be the history and the destiny of this unaccounted race?

It strikes your mind with great force, too, when it occurs to you—as it will be the most likely to occur on Mount Katahdin—that almost all the northern part of the earth is yet unoccupied by man. The hills and vales of India are worn out and look as if exhausted. Asia, the cradle of the human race, has a warm climate and genial soil. From the center and home of the human family, man has been working his way up towards the cold wilds of the north. In proportion as they move northward, they become more hardy in constitution, more industrious to supply the lack of plenty and exuberance which a warm climate affords, and more skillful to meet and overcome the difficulties of nature. They must have warmer clothing, more nutritious food, and a greater command over matter, in order to live in a cold climate; have the inventions, the arts, the skill, the industry, the hardness of the northern races of men. And as men move

down the forests and move up northward, may we not expect generations more skillful, more industrious, more enduring and more untiring in labor? Has not the northern part of the earth been kept, by the providence of God, till art and skill had so far advanced, that they know how to make an ungenial soil to be fruitful, and the short summer to yield the necessities of life, and the long, dreary winter to wear smiles even upon frozen lips? Was it, that when the great work of converting the world to Christ should come to occupy the right place in the hearts of men, soldiers of the cross should come from the northern parts of the earth, fitted by education and constitution to go forth to great endurance? It is remarkable, that when God, in history, has called for the overthrow of mighty empires, the region of the Black Sea, or some other unmappped region of the north, has poured down legions of armed men, able to do mighty acts in war. Will not the Prince of Peace go to the same territories for his soldiers? Has all the northern part of this continent been thus left to the bear and the wolf, till the time should come when God should be ready to use such men as could and would occupy these regions? You can not doubt that the population who will occupy the vast territory of Maine will be industrious—they must be, to live here; that they will be intelligent and educated—the destiny of New England seems fixed in this respect; that there will be schools and churches, academies and even colleges far up among the wild lakes of her distant north; nor can you doubt that many a young man will be raised up from these places, who will be foremost in the great work of declaring the mercy of Christ to the ends of the earth! Maine has already sent out many such, who are but specimens of a multitude who will yet come out from her borders and take their places among the foremost of those who gird on their armor and do battle valiantly for the Lord of Hosts.—[New York Evangelist.]

From the New York "Home Journal." The Life-Book.

Write, Mother, write!
A new, unopened book of life before thee,
Thine is the hand to trace upon its pages
The first few chapters: to live in glory,
Or live in shame through long unending ages!
Write, Mother, write!
The hand, 'twixt woman's most faint noisier fair,
Thy lot is on thee—write then with care;
A mother's tracery may never alter—
Be its first impress, then, the breath of prayer.
Write, Mother, write!
Write, Father, write!
Take these pen plucked from an eagle's pinion,
And write immortal actions for thy son;
Teach him that man's farthest man's high dominion,
Creeping on earth, leaving great deeds undone.
Write, Father, write!
Leave on his Life-book a fond father's blessing,
To shield him from temptation, toil, and sin,
And he shall go to glory's field, possessing
Strength to contend, and confidence to win.
Write, Father, write!
Write, Sister, write!
Nay, shrink not, for thy sister's love is holy!
Write words the angels whisper in thine ears;
No bud of sweet affection, however lowly,
But planted here will bloom in after years.
Write, Sister, write!
Something to cheer him, his rough way pursuing,
For manhood's lot is sterner far than ours;
He may not pause—he must be up and doing.
Whit thou art idly dreaming among flowers
Write, Sister, write!
Write, Brother, write!
Strike a bold blow upon these kindred pages;
Write, Shoulder to shoulder, brother we will go;
Heart linked to heart, 'twixt the contest raging,
We will defy the battle and the foe.
Write, Brother, write!
We who have trodden byroad's paths together,
Through the summer's sun and winter sky,
What matter if life bring us some foul weather?
We may be stronger than adversity!
Write, Brother, write!
Fellow Immortal, write!
One God reigns in the heavens—there is no other,
And all mankind are brethren: thus 'tis spoken,
And whose side a sorrowing, struggling brother
By kindly word, or deed, or friendly token,
Shall win the favor of our Heavenly Father,
Who judges evil and rewards the good,
And who hath linked the race of man together
In one vast, universal brotherhood.
Fellow Immortal, write!

The oldest book in the library of Congress, is an imperfect copy of the second edition of "Higden's Polychronicon," printed in black letter, by Wynken de Worde, 1495. The work consists of 346 folios. The first 7 folios, and all after 322, in this copy are supplied by manuscript. The colophon reads as follows:—"Thus ended the thirteenth day of Aprill the tenth year of the reign of Kinge Henry VII and the incarnation of our Lord MCCCCLXXXV. Emprynted at Westmestye by Wynken de Worde."

A SUBLINE THOUGHT.—Somebody speaking of the Ocean, called it a "cemetery without a monument." How many thousands sleep beneath the waves, whose graves are marked by no sculptured marble.

The population of the Sandwich Islands, according to the census recently taken, is, natives, 78,984; foreign, 1,787. Total, 80,771.

Why I left the Anvil.

I see it—you would ask me what I have to say for myself for dropping the hammer and taking up the quill, as a member of your profession. I will be honest now, and tell you the whole story. I was transfused from the anvil to the editor's chair by the genius of machinery. Don't smile, friends, it was even so. I had stood and looked for hours on those thoughtless, iron intellects, those iron fingered, sober, supple automatons, as they caught up a bale of cotton, and twirled it in the twinkling of an eye, into a whirlwind of whizzing shreds, and laid it at my feet in folds of snow-white cloth, ready for the use of our most voluptuous anapodes. They were wonderful things, those looms and spindles; but they could not spin thoughts; there was no attribute of Divinity in them, and I admired them, nothing more. They were excessively curious, but I could estimate the whole compass of their doings and destiny in finger power; so I am away and left them spinning—cotton.

One day I was tuning my anvil beneath a hot iron, and busy with the thought, that there was as much intellectual philosophy in my hammer as in any of the engineering going in modern times, when a most unearthly screaming pierced my ears; I stepped to the door, and there it was, the great Iron Horse! Yes, he had come, looking for all the world like the great Dragon on we read of in Scripture, harnessed to a living world and just landed on the earth, where he stood braying in surprise and indignation at the "base use" to which he had been turned. I saw the gigantic necked move with a power that made the earth to tremble for miles. I saw the army of human beings gliding with the velocity of the wind over the iron track, and droves of cattle traveling in their stables at the rate of twenty miles an hour toward their city slaughter-house. It was wonderful. The little busy bee-winged machinery of the cotton factory dwindled into insignificance before it. Monstrous beast of passage and burden! it devoured the intervening distance, and welded the cities together! For its furnace heart and iron sinews, it was nothing but a beast, an enormous aggregation of—horse power. And I went back to the forge with unimpaired reverence for the intellectual philosophy of my hammer.

"Passing along the street one afternoon I heard a noise in an old building, as of some one puffing a pair of bellows. So without more ado, I stepped in, and there, in a corner of a room, I saw the chief-devoivre of all the machinery that has ever been invented since the days of Tubal Cain. In its construction it was as simple and unassuming as a cheese press. It went with a lever—with a lever, longer, stronger than that with which Archimedes promised to lift the world.

"It is a printing-press," said a boy standing by the ink trough, with a careless turn of brown paper on his head. "A printing-press!" I queried meaningly to myself. "A printing-press? what do you print?" I asked. "Print?" said the boy, staring at me, doubtfully, "why, we print thoughts." "Print thoughts?" I slowly repeated after him; and we stood looking for a moment at each other in mutual admiration; he in the absence of an idea, and I in pursuit of one. But I looked at him the hardest, and he left another ink mark on his forehead, from a pathetic motion of his left hand, to quicken his apprehension of my meaning. "Why, yes," he reiterated, in a tone of forced confidence, as if passing an idea, which, though having been current a hundred years might still be counterfeited, for all he could show on the spot, "we print thoughts to be sure." "But, my boy," I asked in honest soberness, "what are thoughts, and how can you get hold of them to print them?" "Thoughts are what come out of the people's minds," he replied. "Get hold of them, indeed? Why minds ain't nothing you can get hold of, nor thoughts either. All the minds that ever thought, and all the thoughts that minis ever made, wouldn't make a ball as big as your fist. Minds, they say, are just like air; you can't see them; they don't make any noise, nor have any color; they don't weigh anything. Bill Deeput, the sexton, says, that a man weighs just as much when his mind has gone out of as he did before.—No, sir, all the minds that ever lived would not weigh an ounce troy."

"Then how do you print thoughts?" I asked. "If minds are thin as air, and tho's thinner still, and mke no noise, and have no substance, shade, or color, and are like the winds, and, more than the winds, are anywhere in a moment; sometimes in heaven, and sometimes on earth and in the waters under the earth; how can you get hold of them? how can you see them when caught, or show them to others?"

Ezekiel's eyes grew lustrous with a new idea, and pushing his ink-roller proudly across the metallic page of the newspaper, he replied, "Thoughts work and talk in things what makes tracks, and we take them tracks and stamp them on paper, or iron, wood, stone, or what not. That is the way we print thoughts. Don't you understand?"

"The pressmen let go the lever, and looked interrogatively at Ezekiel, beginning at the patch on his stringless brogans and following up with his eye to the top of the boy's brown paper bull cap. Ezekiel comprehended the felicity of his illustration, and wipng his hands on his tow apron, gradually assumed an attitude of earnest exposition. I gave him an encouraging wink, and so he went on:

"Thoughts make tracks," he continued impressively, as if evolving a new phase of the idea by repeating it slowly. Seeing we assented to this proposition inquiringly, he stepped to the type-case, with his eye fixed admonishingly upon us. "Thoughts made tracks," he repeated, arranging in his left hand a score or two of metal slips, "and with these here letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever went out of the heart of a human man, and we can print it too," giving the linked form a blow of triumph with his fist, "we can print it too, give us paper and ink enough, till the great round earth is blanketed around with a coverd of thoughts, as much like the pattern as two peas." Ezekiel seemed to grow an inch at every word, and the brawny press man looked first at him, then at the press, with evident astonishment. "Talk about the mind's living for ever!" exclaimed the boy, pointing patronizingly at the ground, as if mind were lying there incapable of immortality until the printer reached it a helping hand, "why the world is brimful of live, bright, industrious thoughts, which would have been dead, as dead as a stone, if it hadn't been for boys like me who have run the ink rollers. Immortality, indeed! why people's minds," he continued, with his imagination climbing into the profoundly sublime, "people's minds wouldn't be immortal if 'twasn't for the printers—at any rate, in this here planetary burying-ground. We are the chaps that manufacture immortality for dead men," he subjoined, slapping the pressman graciously on the shoulder. The latter took it as if dubbed a knight of this legion of honor, for the boy had put the mysteries of his profession in sublime apostrophe. "Give us one good healthy mind," resumed Ezekiel, "no think for us, and we will furnish a dozen worlds as big as this with thoughts to order. Give us such a man and we will insure his life; we will keep him alive for ever among the living. He can't die, no way you can fix it, when once we have touched him with these here bits of inky pewter. He shan't die, nor sleep. We will keep his mind at work on all the minds on earth, and all the minds that shall come here to live as long as the world stands."

"Ezekiel," I asked, in a subdued tone of reverence, "will you print my thoughts too?"

"Yes, that I will," he replied, "if you will think some of the right kind." "Yes, that we will," echoed the pressman.

And I went home and thought, and Ezekiel has printed my "thought-tracks" ever since.—[ELIOT BURRITT, the "Learned Blacksmith,"]

Thirty Thousand Landlords own England, 8000 own Scotland, 6000 own all Ireland, leaving more than 25,000,000 inhabitants of those countries without a foot of God's creation.

Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge—remember that."

"It is hardly worth while to remember it—for I never knew you to pay anything you owed."

"Have physicians done more to alleviate the ills of mankind, or no?" asked a friend of an eminent Dr. "If you except the old women, they have not," was the candid reply.

Robert Wallack, Esq., a civil engineer, was, just before the mail left Panama, married to Dona Maria Aleman. This is the first step towards the annexation of New Granada.

"That's what I call a repetition," exclaimed a friend the other day. "What's that Tom?" said we, "Why, look at that sign across the way—J. E. Waller, Jeweller."

The City of Lafayette, La., has got up a scheme for making the city corporation a grand Insurance Company, to insure against fire all the buildings in the city.

See next page.